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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In their efforts to create a breakwater against the rising wave of repression, the brave people of Kerala were much handicapped by the incarceration of some prominent public workers among them and by the utter indifference of the so-called leaders of the other political denominations. But they have secured in Mr. Prakasam, the well-known Andhra barrister, who gave up his profession for the sake of his country, an excellent mason who will gather the scattered stones, prepare them and lay them, thus raising the necessary wall. We can say, with confidence, that Mr. Prakasam's address as the first President of the Kerala Provincial Conference raises a rallying cry and coming as it does from a man whose outstanding virtue is his generous impulse, it is sure to meet with a ready response. With the advent of Non-Co-operation, our political problems are discussed from a higher plane. It is not a question in future of a few offices here, or a few titles there. It is a great question dealing with the life, liberty and happiness of the people that every conference is asked to discuss. Malabar, the birth place of Sri Sankaracharia, will, we have no doubt, fulfil the expectations all have formed of her and by her earnest efforts and splendid sacrifices set an example for the rest of India to emulate.

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Mrs. Besant's address at the First Reform Conference is simply a repetition of her articles in *New India* and we need hardly say that we do not agree with it. Her narration of the achievements of the new "Parliaments" are as much exaggerated as her criticisms of the Non-Co-operation movement are perverted. We have already said that a Non-Co-operator never worries himself about details, his one great object being to bring about a radical change in the system of administration in accord with the spirit of the times. Mrs. Besant has written many pages about what the country was able to achieve during the last four months. Even granting that her claims are well founded, what is the legitimate consequence of a state of society in which everything being done for the people nothing is done by the people. In the words of Buckle, "there may be great political progress but there can be no really national progress." The aim of the Non-Co-operator being the progress of the nation, it is futile to attempt to convince him by pointing out to a few political achievements.

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With the departure of Mr. Gwynn, the Publicity Officer on furlough, may we ask the Government why they consider a reduplication of effort is necessary in the matter of publicity work? When there are papers like *New India* and *Citizen*, why impose a burden of several thousands of rupees a year on the poor taxpayer? After all, so far as we know, no patriotic Indian borrows his political opinions from the Publicity Bureau. We are aware that a resolution to this effect has been defeated in our local Council but, if the protestation of Lord Willingdon is genuine *viz.*, that he is a democrat, he cannot better demonstrate his feeling than by abolishing this agency.

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The courageous stand taken by the cultivators in Mulshi Peta (Poona) is worthy of all admiration. The poor cultivators have demonstrated by their suffering that the combined forces of despotism and capitalism are of no avail against real *Satyagraha*. It seems incredulous that when the Government allowed the Tatas to develop their Hydro-Electric schemes, no reasonable steps were taken to satisfy the tenants. And at last, when the Collector offers compensation as land or money, the Malavas declared that they would not part with their lands under any circumstances. In the present case, the Bombay Government have so much identified themselves with the Capitalists that they have even lost considerations of humanity when ordering ejectment. As we write, the final decision has not been taken. Our own view is that if the larger interest of the country can be secured by promoting the scheme and if the cultivators are offered full compensation either in cash or in land, an amicable settlement must be come to.

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H. E. the Viceroy's speech in Lahore was a feeble utterance. It contained no original or striking suggestion. Lord Reading has raised in the minds of Indians great hopes and if they are to be fulfilled, his Lordship must entirely come out of the beauracratic grove and do things in an earnest and daring way. We are sorry that the Government of India have sanctioned that the proclaimed areas in the Punjab be extended for a further period of six months.

OUR SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

Thirty six years ago, when the Indian National Congress was started, it was resolved to keep it as a purely political body because, it was thought, that the contentious questions

of social reform might create misunderstanding and disunion among the leaders thereby disturbing that harmony which was essential for all successful political organisation. These six and thirty years have witnesssed remarkable changes in the country. In the field of politics there has been an enormous advance. There is a new spirit of liberty in the people, a quenchless ardour for sacrifice, an indomitable courage to face all obstacles and a stern determination to win Swaraj. We see everywhere signs of revolt, not only against political despotism but also against the more insidious despotism in social matters. India is awaiting the dawn of a better day when she may breathe the refreshing air of liberty and may grow to her full stature unrestricted by artificial laws. In the field of politics, the achievements of the National Congress are manifold and striking. Besides the various Reforms which the Congress has secured, its greatest claim to success is the spirit which it has infused in us, a spirit which refuses to barter away the people's birthright for a mess of pottage, a spirit which glows with increasing warmth every day, aye a spirit which will not rest content until India's political freedom is won. The great leaders of the National Congress have earned a title to glory by their hard, persistent, fearless and patriotic endeavours in the cause of their country. So much for politics.

What about our social problems? Have not the leaders of the nation neglected to tackle our social questions in an organised manner? Have they not left them to drift themselves or to be just, taken to them as a pleasurable pastime? There have been enthusiasts in the cause of social reform but their number has been few. There have been ardent preachers of social equality but they have not been able to rouse the nation. The few practical courageous social reformers, amidst a world of indifference and neglect, have not been able to make much headway. What is the cause of this all? The National Congress has not kept before it the great ideal of social democracy but it has been working in a different field. When the Congress was founded, it was wise to have kept social questions outside its ken because the minds of many had not developed then to tolerate social differences in working for a common political end. But these years of political work have taught the people the value and necessity of unity as a prime factor which cannot be ignored. May they not now, keeping political unity as the basis and background, proceed to solve some of the crying social evils in India so that the right hand of political equality along with the left hand of social equality be both stretched out to worship the rising sun of freedom. The leaders of the nation are perfectly united as to the goal of Indian politics. There is no mistake about it. All of them desire a better social order and a more rational and humane adjustment of our social conditions. Should they not now combine together and make a supreme effort to solve our social difficulties? They are sure to achieve much and bring happiness to India's many millions.

The most scandalous social evil which must be extirpated root and branch is the bane of untouchability. The Congress at Calcutta under the Presidentship of Mrs. Besant and the last Congress at Nagpur have passed resolutions on this matter. We make a fervent appeal to the Congress leaders to give this resolution as much importance as they give to the introduction of the spinning wheel and to the collection of funds. There can be no greater shame or injustice, than that of considering several millions of human beings as untouchables. If we consider them to be physically untouchables, we will be considered morally untouchables by God. The second great evil which must be rooted out is the unnatural, meaningless, artificial differences which exist between different castes in India. There must be only one caste in the country and that is the caste composed of men of good character, clean habits, simplicity of thought and nobility of mind. A person in whom all these virtues exist, whether he is a Brahmana or a non-Brahmana, a Christian or a Mahammadan, a Pariah or a Thiyya, must be considered as a social equal of any other man. He cannot be banished from any society. In this task, there can be no moderate or extremixt, no co-operator or non-co-operator. All are sons of God and they must dedicate their lives, the more educated among them, to the uplifting of their fellowmen and by earnest efforts and sacrifices remove the age-along reproach that Indian people are lovers of sectarian differences and quarrels. The minor social evils, such as early marriages, the problem of drink, and the many troubles resulting from a superstitious reverence to meaningless ceremonies will cure themselves if the larger and more crying evils are solved. In social matters there is always the difficulty of the forces of conservatism arraying themselves against change. There are vested interests in social matters as there are in political. Realising that the soundest doctrine for social reformers is *festine lente*, we would appeal to the leaders of the Congress to take up the less contentious questions and concentrate their attention upon solving them. The complete removal of untouchability, the extinction of the differences between the castes as superior and inferior, and the abolition of the drink traffic are matters on which all can unite. When these are satisfactorily solved, it will be then time to proceed further and work for the mutual assimilation of the different castes.

It may be theoritically true that India never did lie at the proud foot of the British Conqeror but was by a slow process and by questionable means, overwhelmed by the British people. This would never have been possible if there were better social relations prevailing in the land and if there were less sectarion quarrels and religious wars. On the eve of achieving Swaraj, it behoves all Indians to remember that the bed-rock of Indian unity is social democracy. Remembering this, they must promote unity by tackling the social questions in the only possible way. Then and only then, would India deserve to be a free country.

THE NEW SPIRIT AND THE POETRY OF JOHN MASEFIELD.

By
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CLAPTON, LONDON.

The Classical and Romantic movements in literature are only valuable in so far as they approximate to life, and create living works of art, which can nourish the intellectual life of man. The intellectual life is not a mere brawsing amid dusty bookshelves in old libraries, delightful as that may be in many ways ; but is the enjoyment of life itself, the tasting of its full savour, the observation of its myriad phases.

We speak of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome, and we look back over the past with eyes dimmed by the mists of reverance and our vision is distorted by the magic of the great names of the past. Do we not realize that to-day we are living in times quite as fascinating, quite as wonderful, as the golden age of Athens or of Rome? In the streets of London, or New York, or Paris, or Calcutta, to-day is to be found such material for the creative hands of the literary artist as the masters of the past knew ; it is only different in kind. The drama of human nature has not changed, the old desires, the lusts, the sins, still persist and the virtues are there too. It is well to pay a fitting tribute to the past, to feel a thrill, the spirit of bygone ages, in the contemplation of the Elgin Marbles, or to feel the charm and quiet of the great reading room of The British Museum ; but while we feel these things we must not surrender our minds entirely to them, and become dead and fossilised. Yesterday upon the battlefields of Europe and the East was played a drama which should have stirred the souls of the artists of the world to the depths. Valour has not gone from the earth, romance has not died, and the time has gone by for ever when it would have been true to say that the subjects of art were failing, and that nothing remains to be paid. Art is only just beginning ; it is to the future that we look in hope for the building of that city of the soul for which the great minds of the race have dreamed and wronght.

Before dealing with the work of Mr. Masefield it is neccessary to consider briefly one or two aspects of a question that has always fluttered literary devecotes to some extent, a question over which critics have disputed in the past most furiously, sometimes wisely and sometimes foolishly, according to their temperaments and endowments, a question which has in our own times assumed almost the character of a battle royal, the question as to the place of tradition in Literature.

The work of Mr. Masefield striking off as it does continually into new paths, and outraging many of the critical canons makes it imperative that attention should he devoted to this question.

Mr. R. A. Scott James in his critical study " Personality in literature " says " the true lover of literature regards books as something more positive than a distraction from life, for him they must be an addition to life " it is from this stand point that the following pages are written. That of life itself ; which is so much more important than books, even the best books.

"Systems are for critics, and not for artists" says Edwin Bjorkman, and we may very well quote this incisive pronouncement to those academic gentleman who are continually disturbed by the new and the strange in literature. Good many critics try to treat the flowers of art, as some botanists treat the flowers of the field, as things to be plucked up by the roots, put in a table, and classified under a learned name. It is not for such persons, however well meaning that the art of John Masefield exists. The message and the joy of his pœtry is for the warm—blooded and the warm hearted. Not necessarily for the uncritical but certainly not for the hypercritical ; thay are warned to keep away ; if they wish to avoid severe shocks to their nervous system. One thing we may say of him that His art is always connected with the realities, the adventures, the perils of life, unlike that art which is mainly introspective and melanchaly. This close touch with reality is the keynote of the work of John Masefield.

Professor Spingairn points out that we owe to Sainte Beune to a great degree the view that literature is an expression of personality, and goes on to say that the Greeks thought of literature as an imitation, or remoulding of the dry bones, of life. The Romans thought of it as a fine art, which weaned more men to noble action. Whereas the critics and writers of the 16th and 17th centuries were in the main classicists to them, the art of letters was a process acquired by study of the classic models. Then came the Romantic Movement with a different set of criteria, which found its fullest expression from the critical standpoint in the teaching of Sanite-Beune that literature is an expression of personality. Then in our own time the Italian thinker Benedetto Croce has sought to prove that all expression is art. This is not the place to champion this view of literature ; it may be merely remarked that if Croce's contention is true all the "Rules" of criticism can be scrapped at once, and one has a feeling that it would not be an unmixed evil to letters were this done ; for we know that most of the great works of literature in the history of the world have broken and been produced in defiance of the rules. It was thus with Shakespeare, and with those great writers of our own time. Ibsen, Strindberg and Neitzche, who out of their abounding creative force brushed aside hampering restrictions and created Beauty in new forms of art expression. Rules are for the little men, not for the giants. Ready made intellectual clothing cannot be worn by the genius. Here it is that so many of the more extreme apostles of the new movements in literature go astray. They forget that while liberty

is good and necessary for the genius, for the guidance of the commonplace mind rules are best. Young men in a hurry who find it easy to write sprained prose under the superscription of free verse, and rhymed poetry which does not scan, or plays which are remarkable for nothing except their intolerence, must not necessarily conclude that they are the heaven sent apostles who are to hold the torch of emancipation in front of the writers of their time. It may be that they are merely suffering from swelled head and literary indigestion. Not every one who breaks the rules may enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The bane of every great movement, as of every army, is always its camp followers, and we know that prophets are usually very jolly people until they became popular and win diciples. It is difficult to decide whether the sixth rate so-called advanced writers, or the apostles of the platitude are the greater danger to literature at the present time.

The art of Mr. Masefield is catholic in the sense that he does not disdain to use the old forms, and also to create new ones. He uses the old forms in a new way, and his work bears the impress of the cosmic spirit. He realizes

"How time is deadly swift, how life is fleeting.
How naught is constant on the earth but change."

Therefore he is a creative artist who has contributed largely to the formative types of the modern spirit and has helped to free literature from the trammels of false tradition, while at the same time making use of that which is of value in that tradition. " For only in freedon can life realize itself in the highest degree, and true literature is the result of the desire for self-realisation, the desire that we may have life and have it more abundantly " a desire that may be fulfilled, not by an anarchic impulse to cast aside self-restraint and a wise culture, but by the possession of that freedom which comes from great tasks bravely done, self-dicipline, and self-realisation in its highest sense. Such writers.

" Make their wish their power, their,
thought a deed,
Their empire a possession "

The poems and plays of Mr. Masefield are also vital because they are not an attempt to form life, but an attempt to reveal and revolve the stuff of life. The true artist receives a vivid impression from the outer world, by the favour of his genius he takes it and re-creates it in terms of beauty and in word or colour, stone or line, he makes a work of art, which can evoke in his fellow men and women something (but not all) of his joy and intuition. How much greater is the outlook of writers like Masefield who are fascinated by the surging life of humanity, than that of those writers who shrunk from the spectacle in dismay. Mathew Arnold in one of his essays refers to Maurice De Guerin, one of the lovers of George Sand, who was an extreme example of an artist who turned his back upon the world. De Guerin wrote. "The longer I live, and the clearer I discern between the true and the false in society, the more does the inclination to live not as a savage or a misanthrope, but as a solitary man on the frontiers of society, or the outskirts of the world, gain strength and grow in me. The birds come and go and make nests around our habitations ; they are fellow citizens of our farms and hamlets with us ; but they take their flight in a heaven which is boundless, and the hand of God alone gives and measures to them their daily food. They build their nests in the heart of the thick bushes, or hang them in the height of the trees, so would I too live, hovering round society, and having always at my back a field of liberty vast as the sky."

Every artist is haunted by this thought at times, but it is a weakness and an abdication of his function as an artist when he allows it to take entire possession of his mind. The jewels of art are not to be hoarded like a miser's gold, to glow with their many changing fires only for favoured eyes, they are for the delight of humanity, and meant for the renewing of the spirit of man.

Mr. Masefield has never yielded to the demon of negation that cripples the hands of the artist and makes genius vain. It is part of his triumph as an artist that he has ever held aloft the banner of brave endeavour, and has been content to fashion from the stuff of life itself, poems and plays, that not only in their strength, but also in their beauty, are among the finest and most inspiring of our time.

MISS IWIN'S ESCAPE.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

In the winter of 1917, I was attacked by a series of bronchial troubles which ended in a chronic cough. My appetite which used to be very good became uncertain and I began to feel very weak though I never became low spirited. Before this bronchial catarrh I used to sleep like a top but sleep never visited my eyes in these days. My friends and relatives noted a remarkable change in me and I myself observed that I was becoming thinner and thinner every day. Under these circumstances work became an impossibility and even the sympathy of friends had a jarring effect on my nerves. At last I was obliged to seek the advice of a lung specialist as the family doctor was unable to do me any good. Dr. Clifton attended on me for about two weeks without giving any relief. He was not at all to blame ; for he did his best and as a last recourse brought another colleague for his opinion. They both consulted for a long time and then decided that the only thing that would do me good was a sea voyage and a soujourn for sometime in Canada. My father who was very anxious about my health lost not a moment in booking a passage for myself and my mother on S. S. Daisy ; and we sailed for Canada on the 14th of March, 1918, with a lot of woollen clothing for underwear and special instructions from the doctors to take regular exercise on the open deck and to eat a lot of nourishing and fatty

food with cod-liver-oil and milk twice a day. The ship doctor was requested to take particular care of me and he, as usual with doctors, dosed me with a lot of medicines, nauseating and most disagreeable to the taste, but giving little relief.

We had an uneventful voyage and reached Canada safely. We took our lodging at Hotel Royal. It was a lovely place with a beautiful garden full of flowers and stately tree. The climate of the place, the novelty of the scenes and the sweet fragrance of the flowers acted like a charm on me and I began to look a little fresh and hopeful. My mother was exceedingly delighted at this change and wrote back to father to say that I am doing capitally well and I will be in A 1 condition in a few days.

I am so sorry for my poor mother who is very fond of me and would die a hundred deaths to give me cheer and life. The local doctor, an amiable gentleman with a commanding appearance and a cheerful voice, was kindness itself. He examined me thoroughly and instead of giving me unpalatable medicines, treated with injections—I think they call them subcutaneous—of some fluid in sealed tubes. This mode of treatment did me some good for a time, [but as a few days passed the temporary cheerfulness and the vigour I experienced in the beginning began to wane and I was sure that the beautiful sceneries sorrounding me had no more effect on me. Now the cough became incessant and I felt slight dull pains in the chest. In spite of this I walked in the open air, laughed and chatted with the other visitors in the hotel to drive off the gloomy forebodings which constantly recurred in my mind. The very cheerfulness which I tried to put on gave me some inward power and I succeeded in driving out the gloomy thoughts; but the fact remained that I was losing flesh more than ever to cause much anxiety to my mother.

"If you do not improve and regain your health in this place, there is no good of remaining here any longer. Don't you think so?" asked my mother.

"Dear mother, you unnecessarily worry yourself about my health. I am not very bad as you can see; and if I can sleep well at nights without this teasing cough I will be alright in a few days." But this answer did not satisfy my mother and when the doctor paid his usual visit she questioned him about my state of health. He was hopeful of my recovery and promised to give a decided answer after a week.

Staying with us in the same hotel were a young couple by name Fairface. They had a very pretty suite of rooms for themselves and seeing my pitiable condition were very sympathetic towards me and often invited me to tea in their rooms. They were very kind to me and Mr. Fairface's gentle disposition and the lady's amiable qualities made me love them as old friends. The cheerful faces of the couple and the very brightness of the rooms with their simple but elegant furniture gave a tempting invitation to enter and enjoy the soothing and calming effects it produced on my troubled and excited nerves. I was, therefore, a constant visitor to these rooms and I was always welcome to spend any number of hours there.

As it was my wont I entered one day their sitting room at about 7 A.M. without any notice and was astonished to find a stranger seated on one of the chairs. He was a tall, robust and healthy looking young man with strength and energy writ large on his face. As soon as I entered the room the young man rose and bowed to me but before I could retreat Mr. Fairface entered the room from the other side and exclaimed. "Miss Iwin, you need not go. This is Mr. Goodluck who has just come from America to stay as my guest for some time here." "John, this is Miss Iwin who is staying in this hotel for her health. She is a good friend of ours and I hope you will be friends also."

"Very glad to make your acquaintance, Miss Iwin" said Mr. Goodluck and after shaking hands observed me most critically from head to foot and exclaimed "I see you are not keeping good health; What is the matter with your lungs? There is something wrong there. Your face tells me that." "Yes, you are right Mr. Goodluck. My lungs are no doubt bad and a tiresome cough disturbs my sleep and makes me weak and wretched."

"I am so sorry for you; are the doctors not able to give you any relief?" asked Mr. Goodluck. "They do give me relief now and then" I replied, "but the medicines they have administered till now have not given me any permanent relief or cure. The present doctor promised to give a decided answer as to whether it would be possible for him to make me free from the diseases and we await his reply."

He kept silent for sometime but before he could resume the conversation, Mrs. Fairface came in and the topic was changed.

As they were talking I slipped out of the room quietly to take a stroll in a secluded part of the gardens but as I was feeling a little exhilarated I took a brisk walk up and down the avenue of trees and when I had sufficient exercise I returned to my room for rest. I laid myself down on the sofa and slept without any disturbance for more than three hours till my mother came and woke me up. The sound sleep refreshed me so much that I felt like a new being. As usual I took my evening stroll in the garden and when I felt a little tired I sat down on one of the benches there. The Sun dipped down into the Western Horizon and painted the wood in a thousand gradations of gold. The Western sky was a splendid picture to look at. As time passed by the beauty faded and the twilight turned to night but yet there was light. I suddenly turned my face to the East and saw the Full Moon appearing with all its glory. How beautiful it was! As the moon rose the whole wood was flooded with a silvery brilliance and the soft "moonbeams danced like elves among the treess to the enchanted music of the

breeze." I was absorbed in the contemplation cf the moon and its beauty and failed to notice Mr. Goodluck passing by that side to the Hotel. As he approached near I saw he was walking with his head bent as if in thought and his hands clasped behind his back. The exclamation that escaped from my lips made him look up and he greeted me with a kindly smile lifting his hat at the same time.

I rose to go and accepted his proffered arm and we walked along in silence till we reached the Hotel entrance when we met Mrs. Fairface and my mother who was waiting for my return. The warm night, the cloudless sky and the lonely light of the round moon gave new life to my being; but the effect of the personality of the man who escorted me was undoubted—it was almost electric. I felt new blood gushing through my veins and explaining a kind of calming and soothing effect on my nerves. The lively and soft strains of music that floated through the air from a drawing room brought me back from my reverie. He clasped my hand with a friendly pressure and left me at the steps with an aurevoir.

I rushed straight to my own room and undressed my self as I had no inclination to go downstairs to the dining room for the usual meals at 8 P. M. I took instead a small piece of toast and a cup of cocoa and went to bed straight as I was feeling very sleepy inspite of the good nap I had in the morning.

When I awoke in the morning the Sun was streaming through the unshuttered windows of the room. The trees in the garden were full of birds exquisitely proclaiming by the songs the joy of Existence and Love. Everything appeared to be full of life and happiness and I thought that the Full Moon overnight had kissed with her silver lips every dead thing to life. There was health and vitality everywhere and I imagined that I was going to share in Nature's bounties even without asking for permission to partake of the same. I wanted to live and live I would.

When I came down to the hall I found the doctor talking with Mr. Fairface and Mr. Goodluck. They all greeted me very cordially and I sat down sending word to my mother to come down and hear the verdict of the doctor. The conversation that was interrupted by my entrance was resumed by Mr. Goodluck and I came to know that they were talking of my case.

Doctor, though I am not a qualified medical man I have made a study of the science and have formed certain decided opinions about drugs, diagnosis, and treatment of diseases. You may call me an egotist or a bragger but I will assure you that I am not one ; for, I hate boasting, I am only an humble worker in the field of experimental science and during my experiments have come across certain truths that will startle the world. You have heard of rays, the ultra-violet rays, radium, and many others ; but there are many more yet to be invented by the genius of man. I have myself perfected an instrument that will photograph the lungs and show to you the real state or condition of the organ with all the defects shown to the minutest detail. If there are any tubercles on it they can be at once detected without the least possible doubt. Even a very slight conjestion which will escape perception by a strethoscope will be clearly portrayed on the negative when exposed in my Camera.

"In that case why not take a photograph of the lungs of this young lady ?" suggested the doctor. "That was just what I was going to tell you" replied Mr. Goodluck.

When my mother came down her formal consent was obtained and Mr. Goodluck escorted me with the doctor into a dark room and took a photograph of my chest in a way quite different from that generally adopted by ordinary photographers. It is not possible for me to describe the method but all that I can say is that it was novel. He developed the negative and after fixing and washing brought it out for examination by the doctor. The doctor examined it for a while and exclaimed "wonderful !" "How beautifully has the whole organ come out in the negatives with all details. I do not find any tubercles even in the pribronchial tissue Then why all these prominent pythisical symptoms ?"

"That is the very reason why you all fail in your diagnosis. You are all led away and are guided by symptoms. You have not the means to find out the real truth. What is your opinion now of your patient ?" asked Mr. Goodluck.

"I am at a loss to come to any definite conclusion at present you must give me time" said the doctor.

"Alright," exclaimed Mr. Goodluck, "but you will admit that there is nothing serious with your patient."

"Yes, you are right there and thank God that she is not a subject to that fell disease which claims thousands of innocent lives every year in all parts of the world."

When the doctor left Mr. Goodluck turned towards me holding the negative in his hand and explained that I have not the least trace of tubercles in my lungs and that I may rest assured that I will never suffer from pulmonary consumption as my lungs are very strong and healthy.

"Then, what was the cause of all these symptoms that I so terribly suffered from," I asked.

He laughed and said that he would explain the next day in the presence of the doctor.

He then left us leaving with me a book named "How thought can kill.".

I took my daily exercises as usual and at midday I began to study the book Mr. Goodluck gave. It is written in an easy and forcible style but some of the doctrines explained in the book are curious, but true. I will quote the following two examples to show what I mean.

"It is more shameful to distrust people than to be deceived by them."

"I do not understand why so many intelligent men and women have a morbid habit of looking on the darkside of things. Why should they insist on telling their troubles to others and make them unnecessarily uneasy without any real benefit to themselves."

The book abounds with such passages and many more excellent precepts. I must make a through study of the book for it is indeed a remarkable one for its original ideas and views teeming with love, joy, and contentment.

I slept very soundly that night without any dreams whatever like a young baby and woke up the next morning quite refreshed without any forebodings of teasing coughs and pains. Throwing on my dressing gown I rang the bell and enquired of the servant who appeared whether the Doctor and Mr. Goodluck were in the drawing room. On her affirmative answer I changed my dress, took a hasty breakfast and ran to the drawing room to meet the doctor.

"How are you, Miss Iwin" was the greeting from the doctor.

"I feel much better, doctor" I replied, "but I am so anxious to hear Mr. Goodluck's explanation of my disease."

"It is very simple" replied the doctor "and he has explained your case to my entire satisfaction and I am obliged to agree with him in his decisions. I am sure you will be perfectly alright in a few more days if you take the medicines I am now going to prescribe for the discase, you are really suffering from, which is nothing but a simple form of chronic throat trouble."

"That is alright, but I want know why I suffered from an imaginary disease which was not in my system" I protested. "Right you are. It was an imaginary disease that you were suffering from. It was imagination and constant dwelling upon the thought of disease and its symptoms that produced the symptoms of the disease itself and caused all this trouble and anxiety. It's the glaring and minute description of the symptoms of disease in advertisements that is causing so much mischief to many a promising young man or woman of good health and position. Every thought leaves an impression on the brain and the brain inturn sends a message to the part intended and makes it act. .. uch was your case."

"Read the book I gave you, Miss Iwin and you will understand better" put in Mr. Goodluck.

Myself and mother thanked Mr. Goodluck and also the doctor for all the kindness they have shown and invited them as well as the Fairfaces to a dinner the next day.

The invitation was readily accepted by all and we enjoyed the dinner immensely and the brilliant conversation that ensued. I became a great admirer of Mr. Goodluck and we became good friends.

I began to improve by leaps and bounds and in a few days I was fit for a journey. We booked our seats in the S. S. Hopeful and Mr. Goodluck who had some business in England travelled with us in the same boat. We became constant companions and many a truth I have learnt from him which to many is a sealed book.

REFLECTIONS BY A RECLUSE.

51. Man absolutely knows nothing of God. How can he know the absolute when he knows not himself.

52. It is not courtesy but curiosity that induces some to speak with civility to others.

54. A pure and untainted mind will always possess a healthy and vigorous body.

54. Love mankind and you love your God.

55. Gain wealth in order to spend it, but not to hoard it.

56. Forgive and Forget. Forgive the evil and forget the man.

57. Do not wander round the circumference but find the centre.

58. Some try to right the world without righting themselves. They put the cart before the horse.

59. The lakes and the rivers have their banks, but who controls the vast sea.

60. Peace is mightier than war and can easily set right wrong without harm to others.

61. I am a wanderer in this world. I go and return often and gain much experience.

62. Even prosperity is beset with fears and distress attended with comforts.

63. Religion is the chief concern of life; without it life is barren.

64. What is the use of power without kindness and charity without sympathy.

65. I don't want your money, my dear fellow, but will you be my friend?

66. Can I be bound for ever by my sorroundings? I create my own sorroundings, how can they bind me?

67. The water finds its level and man finds his equal in company.

68. The woman is called a devil by some. Is not man equally bad or even worse.

69. The turkey is proud because it thinks that it is more beautiful than the peacock.

70. Many are the devotees at the shrine of the mighty dollar, for it is a nontangible and precious god than the invisible one praised by the sages.

71. Riches in the hands of a selfish person is a dangerous weapon. Why not the benevolent and the sympathetic get it in abundance.

72. I weep when I miss the sun but I an not affected where I miss the moon.

73. Satan exists only in human imagination. He has no separate existence, nor is there a hell for him to reign.

74. I got shelter from the tree I wanted to cut, but my brother refused me admittance to his house because I differed from him.

75. Man's logic in most cases is wolf logic. If not you, your father sinned; if not your father, your grand-father and so on.

76. A man need not be a saint to perform miracles. The performance of miracles is not a proof of sanctity.

77. The desires of man are like the branches of a banyan tree which throw out numerous offshoots to take firm root and enlarge into separate trunks.

78. An unpure heart is like a tarnished mirror which cannot reflect the rays of the sun clearly.

79. The King in velvet and the beggar in rags are equal in the eyes of God.

80. Man with all his high attainments has got his own limitations.

81. Many are sick of this world for they do not know how to live in it.

82. The strong forsake the weak in this world and even crush them to attain their own ends. They call it the "survival of the fittest."

83. Some put the cart before the horse and wait for results. They also consider themselves wise in a way.

84. Wood-cutter. I am sorry I have to cut you down and kill you. Tree—Don't worry. I am not afraid of death for I am useful whether dead or alive.

85. The fish, though it lives always in water, stinks. Outward ablutions will never make a man pure internally.

86. The plague of desire can only be eradicated by the medicine of wisdom.

87. The crane makes Tapas on one leg to catch fish. Many men make puja and yoga to deceive others.

88. Men are proud of their divine birthright. Will they be willing to part with it for a mess of pottage.

89. Sound travels about 1100 feet per second and light 186,000 ft. in a second. What is the velocity of a thought wave.

90. Hate and Satan are synonymons names. They both go hand in hand.

91. Faith and nature are the two great doctors that cure most of diseases without medicine.

92. Those that have an abundance should give with no niggard hand and those that have not, should earn and give.

93. He who gives is the master and he who stretches forth the hand of a beggar is a slave.

94. He who raises the oppressed and the depressed is a god among men.

95. Despair weakens energy and hope strengthens it.

96. No one can either kill me or my thoughts.

97. In this visible world everything appears unpermanent where to find the really permanent?

98. How can a blind man know the glory of the sun. He knows better of the vastness of darkness.

99. He who has compassion will be endowed with devotion.

100. The man who wants to be pitied is a despicable creature.

NON-CO-OPERATION.

Col. Josiah C. Wedgwood M. P., writing in the "Daily Express" London says:—

"If an Indian came to England, would you show him your slums and ask his advice on English politics?" I got that question after a public meeting in a small country town in Madras. It illustrates well the rising temper of Indians, their intolerance of patronage, their restiveness under the style and title of subjects." It is extraordinarily like the attitude of the class-conscious Socialist towards those who are not absolutely of class.

This is the surge of feeling that Gandhi's Non-Co-operation movement has swept over India. Shut up in Delhi or in Simla, the Viceroy need never see this. But it would be better that Lord Reading should see it.

Just as the class-conscious Socialists are few in number, and are laughed at and avoided by their comrades in private so, too, the vigorous, bursting Nationalists are not all India, and are sometimes boring even to their friends.

Non-Co-operation is, like the "direct action" in the Labour movement, born of exasperation and a sense of injustice. And the care or antidote is the same in both cases. We must show that Parliament, or the Indian Councils, can be a better machine for the remedy of wrongs than any painful "direct action" or "soul force".

Non-Co-operators have boycotted the Councils, and foolish reactionary civil servants have abetted them by framing the Rules and Regulations to the Reform Act. These blind bureaucrats say, resignedly, "We really are going to give the reforms a fair chance." But it is their last chance against Non-Co-operation—then funeral if the reforms fail. Lord Reading wlll be wise to revise drastically the "Rules and Regulations." His one weapon for the struggle against anarchy must be in good working order. This is so obvious now that every Governor is at last bewailing the ridiculous "Rules and Regulations" for which the Governors themselves must be held largely responsible.

Indians are like other people. If they see that they can get something by pestering the Legislatures and circularising the new M. L. Cs. they will not allow the doctrine of Non-Co-operation to restrain their pens for their votes. The elected M. L. Cs. themselves are fighting for their lives. But Lord Reading must see to it that the M. L. Cs. who have defied Non-Co-operation are of use to their electors, to their districts, to India. There must be no repetition of Lord Chelmsford's disastrous snub to Mr. Srinivasa Sastri. Concessions must be made with open arms to resolutions of the Council; select committees set up, composed of members, to cross-examine the bureaucracy (their servants) on every question where a concession cannot be made at once every show of independence should be caressed and cherished. The alternative to Non-Co-operation must stand out bright for all men to see.

The time has passed for dramatic proclamations and promises. One set of Indians proclaim (not quite sincerely)

that they will never trust us again, and they Non-Co-operate; another set trust us, of themselves, sufficiently to try to use the Council to remedy India's wrong. Lord Reading may take his choice between these two. There are no other Indians.

Lord Reading can do what he likes with laws and bureaucrats. He has the complete confidence of the Prime Minister, and as the Prime Minister rules England at his will, so can the new Viceroy rule India. The men who are to-day allowing India to drift and counting the days till they can retire on pensions are not his equals in intellect. He will form his own, views the present "Simla gang" have none. But let him see the Indian men who have views, even if they are likely to be rude. Let him try to get them in to work the Councils. If they will not work the Councils, let Lord Reading still see that the Councils do work.

SUSPEND NON-CO-OPERATION.

Mr. Syed Riza Ali has addressed a public letter advising me to suspend Non-Co-operation, so as to give Lord Reading a chance of studying the situation in a calm atmosphere. In the first place, I see there is nothing in the atmosphere to prevent a study of the situation. In the second place, what disturbance there is, is either fomented by the authorities, or the situation is so mishandled as to give rise to bloodshed. In the Central Provinces the Government are foisting the drink traffic on a public that is enraged against it. Of Rae Bareilly, not having read newspapers, I have not sufficient data to be able to say anything. In any case, Mr. Riza Ali should address his appeal to the permanent officials who are provoking the people and creating alarm in the country. Thirdly, it is not within the power of any one man, even if he wished it, tosuspend a movement adopted by the nation through its representative assemblies. Fourthly, what does Mr. Riza Ali mean by suspension of Non-Co-operation? Should the title-holders temporarily recall their titles, the lawyers resume practice, the school-boys return to Government schools, the spinners put away their spinning wheels, carpenters cease making new wheels, and tipplers renew their acquaintance with the publicans? Does Mr. Riza Ali desire that national schools should for the time being close their doors? Unthinkable as it may seem, it is evident hat Mr. Riza Ali does not understand the scope of Non-Co-operation, he does not realise that it is like a virtue whose practice cannot be suspended at will. If Englishmen mean well by India, if Englishmen, who are dependent upon India for their maintenance, will be true to their salt, they must be reconciled to the abolition of the drink traffic and the total destruction of the traffic in foreign cloth and, therefore, also Lancashire cloth. Even when the Khilafat is fully protected, and the Punjab wound healed, the drink revenue cannot be revived for the use of foreign cloth resumed. What surprises one is that there are intelligent and educated public workers in the country who do not see that this Government must proceed from wrong to wrong, so long as it does not cleanse itself of the original sins. No doubt it can, if it will, even without redressing the two wrongs, co-operate with the people in the two great dynamic movements—the battle against the drink evil and reinstatement of the spinning wheel in all its ancient dignity and purity. It will then break the edge of the two wrongs. Such a co-operation by the Government with the people will, however, increase the capacity of the people to ensure rectification of the two wrongs, and for that very reason the Government will not allow the peaceful progress of the drink campaign and boycott of foreign cloth by increased home-manufacture through the spinning wheel.—(M. K. G. in *Young India.*)

ENGLISH EDUCATION.

In reply to a question put to him in a public meeting at Orissa, whether English education was not a mixed evil, in as much as Lok. Tilak, Babu Ram Mohan Rai, and Mr. Gandhi were products of English education, Mr. Gandhi replied as follows :—

"This is a representative view being expressed by several people. We must conquer the battle of Swaraj by conquering this sort of wilful ignorance and prejudice of our countrymen and of Englishmen. The system of education is an unmitigated evil. I put my best energy to destroy that system. I don't say that we have got as yet any advantage from the system. The advantages we have so far got, are in spite of the system, not because of the system. Supposing the English were not here, India would have marched with other parts of the world, and even if it continued to be under Moghul rule, many people would learn English as a language and a literature. The present system enslaves us, without allowing a discriminating use of English literature. My friend had cited the case of Tilak, Ram Mohan, and myself. Leave aside my case, I am a miserable pigmy.

Tilak and Ram Mohan would have been far greater men if they had not had the contagion of English learning. (clapping.) I don't want your verbal approval by clapping but I want the approval of your intellect and reasoning. I am opposed to make a fetish of English education, I don't hate English education. When I want to destroy the Government, I don't want to destroy the English language but read English as an Indian nationalist would do. Ram Mohan and Tilak (leave aside my case) were so many pigmies who had no hold upon the people compared with Chaitanya, Sanker, Kabir, and Nanak. Ram Mohan, Tilak, were pigmies before these giants. What Sanker alone was able to do, the whole army of English-knowing men can't do. I can multiply instances. Was Guru Govind a product of English education?

Is there a single English-knowing Indian who is a match for Nanak, the founder of a sect second to none in point of valour and sacrifice? Has Ram Mohan produced a single martyr of the type of Dulip Singh. I highly revere Tilak and Ram Moham. It is my conviction that if Ram Moham and Tilak had not received this education but had their natural trainingthey would have done greater things like Chaitanya. If that race has even to be revived it is to be revived not by English education. I know what treasures I have lost not knowing Hindustani and Sanskrit. I ask you to consider and value the glamour of education at its true worth. English education has emasculated us, constrained our intellect, and the manner of imparting this education has rendered us effiminate. We want to bask in the sunshine of freedom, but the enslaving system emasculates our nation. Pre-British period was not a period of slavery. We had some sort of Swaraj under Moghol rule. In Akbar's time the birth of a Pratap was possible, and in Aurangzeb's time a Sivaji could flourish. Has 150 years of British rule produced any Pratap and Sivaji?

MR. R. D. MEHTA ON INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPEMENT.

To

THE EDITOR OF "MADRAS REVIEW."

SIR,

At a very largely attended public meeting held in the University Institute to determine how best industrial reconstruction in India can be effected Mr. R. D. Mehta, C.I.E., who is an eminent industrialist intimately associated with one of the most important industries in Bengal, delivered an eloquent address on the subject. It is always pleasing to hear Mr. Mehta speak and especially on industrial questions he is entitled to be heard with great respect by all sections of the public. Though the war has taught us a good lesson yet we Indians have not taken any advantage of the same. A slight awakening is visible everywhere but this awakening is not sufficient to cope with the situation at present. In the first place to start an industry sufficient capital is imperatively necessary. Mr. R. D. Mehta rightly observes :—" It may be at once stated that we have not in the country the amount of fluid capital necessary for even a reasonable degree of industrial development of the province. Nowhere in the civilised world, besides, is the capital subscribed by the share-holders sufficient. To ensure success ample facilities for supply of funds in times of necessity are indispensable. But this condition is about the most difficult in present circumstances in India. Industries depend for their success upon banking facilities." It is a matter of regret that Indian banking is still in its infancy as compared with European countries. As against 9400 banks in the United Kingdom 29,000 banks in the United States and 6000 banks in Japan, India has only 360 Banks and the deposit per head of population is £53 in United States, £52 in the United Kingdom, £8 in Japan 7 sh. in India. Various attempts that have been made to obtain capital by the establishment of Co-operative credit Societies and loans under the Government Loans Act have no doubt served some useful purpose in helping our industria enterprises. But these Co-operative Credit Societies can produce little tangible effect on the condition of the agriculturists unless there is a network of such societies in all important centres and the capital at their command is many times strengthened. This is only possible if Land Banks similiar to that established in Egypt are organised in all centres. India is a land of agri culture and will remain so for many years to come. We heavery often of our cultivators and producers being ruined by the 'shylocks'. Even in European countries the cultivators and produces were in a similar situation until co-operative credit banks were established all over Germany, Italy and other countries. In England the circulation of coins is 1 percent, notes $2\frac{1}{2}$ percent and cheques and bills $26\frac{1}{2}$ percent. This shows how highly developed is the system of credit in that metropolis of the business world. National trade usually develops by the increase and spread of mutul credit while arts and industries flourish only when the trade of a country is in a prosperous condition. Industrial banks are rapidly multiplying in all civilized countries and in New york, Chicago and other cities in America each street has a bank. In a country like India where capital is shy, a financing agency like a public bank is an absolute necessity to encourage industrial enterprises.

Mr. R. D. Mehta next emphasises upon the need for the diffusion of technical education among the people. In India technical education is receiving some attention at the hands of the Government, but not as much as its importance requires. Side by side with technical education much attention should also be paid to scientific education. If adequate knowledge is not acquired all over industries are bound to suffer. The United States of America have a very well developed system ot scientific education as well as very large engineering work shops and factories. There are many industries which took root in India or were carried on successfully by our ancestors, but not having a sound knowledge of science we need to look on helplessly while they were killed by foreign competition. It is well said 'those countries which possess the greatest number of and the best trained chemists, will, if the further necessary conditions are given in course of time, become the richest and the most powerful.' Sir Norman Lockyer once said that the greatest economic asset of Germany was not the possession of a few great scientists; other countries possess as good scientists and as good brains; but the possession of a diffused knowledge of science. In India we should build up that diffused knowledge of science. The present time is very opportune to concentrate our energy to the promotion of Indian industries. The war was taught us really a good lesson that it is a hopeless task to rely upon foreign countries for all articles. We entirely agree with Mr. R. D. Mehta when he says that efforts should be made in the direction of improving our industries.

SRIRANGAM. V. BALASUBRAMANYAM.

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